

RATES FOR WANT ADS.

Ads in this column will be inserted at—
 Per line, one insertion ...15c
 Per line, two insertions ...25c
 Per line, one week50c
 Per line, two weeks40c
 Per line, one month60c
 This is the cheapest advertising ever offered the people of Honolulu.

EVERYDAY WANTS AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

HAWAII'S GREATEST OPPORTUNITY FOR LARGE RETURNS ON SMALL INVESTMENTS

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING ?

If so, consult these columns.
 If you want employees or if you want employment.
 If you want lodging or boarding, or have them to let. If you want to rent rooms advertise in the Bulletin Want Columns. Advertise any want you have and advertise your business.

WANTS

See Page 8, NEW TO-DAY, for New Ads.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

A JAPANESE with experience as cook wishes a position. Address P. Suzuki, P. O. Box 865. 2543-1m

SPECIAL NOTICES.

IT IS a pleasure to use Pacheco's Dan-duff Killer; it may be used freely every day because it is an ideal tonic for the hair. At Union Barber Shop.

WANTED

FURNISHED room near bathroom or small furnished cottage near town is wanted by gentleman. Address N. Bulletin 2552-3a

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE — Fine corner lot in Ma-kiki. Curbing, water, fruit and ornamental trees and all improvements. Two minutes' walk from cars and Punahoa College. Address R. F., this office. 2549-4f

FRESH comb honey for sale at 10 cents per pound or three pounds for 25 cents, at 741 Kinau St., near Ala-pai. T. Rewcastle. 2531-4f

FOR SALE—Cash register, counters, shelves, ice chest, beer fountain, cheap for cash. Kailua, cor. Kukul and Nuanuu Sts. 2553-4f

FOR SALE—Elegant French walnut bed and dresser; Smith premier type-writer. "W." Bulletin office. 2548-1w

FOR SALE OR RENT—Centrally located rooming house of 38 rooms. J. W. Podmore. 2554-4f

FOR SALE—Walk-in Inn; all in good running condition. Inquire of L. H. Dee, P. O. Box 632. 2555-4f

TO LET.

TO LET—Furnished cottage; 4 rooms; mosquito proof. Enquire 45 N. Vine-yard street. 2551-1w

HELP WANTED.

TO LET.

TO LET—Modern cottage, 6 rooms, porcelain bath and washstand, electric lights, 5 minutes' walk from town, electric cars pass the door. 1494 Emma st. 2531-1m

STORE TO LET—The premises lately occupied by J. F. Morgan as an auc-tion salesroom, Queen street. Apply to M. W. McChesney & Sons, Ltd. 2551-4f

FOR RENT: Furnished Rooms—Nice, cool, mosquito proof rooms. Alakea House, Alakea St. bet. Hotel and King. 2265-1f

TO LET—6-room cottage on River street, above Vineyard; rent cheap. J. W. Podmore, Bethel and King Sts. 2527-4f

FOR RENT—Large dwelling on Pi-litol near Lunalilo St.; \$30 per mo. Honolulu Investment Co., Judd Bldg.

TO LET — Furnishing housekeeping rooms; hot and cold baths. Los An-geles, 1543 Fort St. 233-7

NICELY furnished cottage; Pinahon; \$30. Enquire Golden West Cigar Store, Merchant St. 2550-1w

TO LET—Storage room in the center of Honolulu. Inquire of A. V. Gear.

LOST.

LOST — Many thousands of dollars through neglecting to have stock sufficiently insured. Honolulu In-vestment Co. represent four of the strongest fire insurance companies.

LOST—A pair of cuff buttons set with diamond in center, somewhere be-tween Fort St. and Kapalama sta-tion. A reward is offered for return of same to W. C. Achi. 2550-4f

Fine Job Printing at the Bulletin office.

ABNER DANIEL

By ...
WILL N. HARBEN
 Author of
 "Westfeldt"

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 Who Publish the Work
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Chapter I.—The story opens with Alfred Bishop, a Georgia planter, clos-ing a trade of \$5,000 in mill stock for 5,000 acres of mountain land. Mrs. Bishop and their son Alan object to the trade. Mrs. Bishop's brother, Ab-ner Daniel, tells a story. II.—The sale over. Bishop boasts that his land is on a prospective railroad. Tompkins, the former owner, has just unloaded a tract of 2,000 acres adjoining Bishop's. III.—Bishop goes to Atlanta to see Lawyer Perkins, who told him about the railroad. He has been de-ceived. The old man is so cast down that he returns home without seeing his brother William or his daughter Adele, who is at her uncle's in Atlanta. IV.—Bishop has bought 20,000 acres of mountain land in all and mortgaged his plantation. Abner tells Alan to consult Raymond Miller, a land spec-ulator. V.—Miller tells Alan about a dance at Darley. Alan's sweetheart, Dolly Barclay, will be there. Frank Hillhouse is attentive to Dolly. Craig, the banker. VI.—Dolly tells Alan that her father objects to his love quest. Barclay has also been caught on moun-tain land. VII and VIII.—Miller gives Alan cynical advice on love. Dolly's mother talks to her of her own love experiences. Dolly unhappy. IX.—Abner and Rev. Mr. Dole discuss re-ligion. Pole Baker, the ex-moonshiner, whom Alan has reformed. X.—Abner goes to Barclay's, and Dolly talks to him of Alan. He tells Alan of his own sweetheart who died and he still loves her. Alan will hope and wait. XI and XII.—Alan goes to Miller with a pro-ject for a railroad to the land. He re-deems Pole Baker from the prison gang. XIII.—Miller sends news by Dol-ly to Alan about his railroad project. She disputes Miller's cynical views of love. XIV.—Miller interests Tillman Wilson, president of the Southern Land and Timber company, in the mountain road. Loan of \$25,000 arranged on Bishop's tract. XV and XVI.—The deal finished with a verbal option for the company to take the land at \$100,000. XVII and XVIII.—Miller meets Alan's sister Adele in Atlanta and is smitten. Craig's bank fails. Bishop loses his money. Dolly sends word to Alan that she loves him more than ever. XIX and XX.—Miller takes the news of the failure to the Bishops. Pole Baker and Abner suspect that Craig is hiding his money.

"Hold on there," said Pole. "You'll know the best way to write to her, but when the money's mentioned I want you to say the \$25,000 deposited in the bank by the Bishops. You see, I'm not going to tote no order for money I hain't no right to. An' I'll tell you an-other thing, old man, you needn't throw out no hint to her to have me arrested. As God is my final judge, if I'm tuck up fer this, they'll never make me tell whar you are. I'd wait until you'd pegged out, anyway."

"I'm not setting any trap for you, Baker," whined Craig. "You've got the longest head of any man I ever knew. You've got me in your power, and all I can ask of you is your power. I've got Bishop's money hidden in my house. I am willing to restore it if you will release me. I can write my wife a note that will cause her to give it to you. Isn't that fair?"

"That's all I want," said Pole. "An' I'll say this to you: I'll agree to use my influence with Alan Bishop not to handle you by law, but the best thing for you an' yore family to do is to shake the dirt of Darley off'n yore feet an' seek fresh pastures. There round here ain't as green, in one way, as some I've seed."

Craig wrote the note and handed it up to Baker. Pole read it slowly and then said: "You mought 'a' axed 'er to excuse bad writin' an' spellin', an' hopin' these few lines will find you en-joyin' the same bleasin'; but ef it gits the boodle that's all I want. Now you keep yore shirt on, an' don't git skeered o' the darkness. It will be as black as pitch, an' you kin beer yore eyelids creak after I shot the front door, but I'll be back, ef I find yore old lady hain't run off with a handsome man an' tuck the swag with 'er. I'm glad you cautioned 'er agin axin' me ques-tions."

Pole backed to the foot of the ladder, followed by Craig.

"Don't leave me here, Baker," he said imploringly. "Don't for God's sake! I swear I'll go with you and get you the money."

"I can't do that, Mr. Craig; but I'll be back as shore as fate, ef I get that cash," promised Pole. "It all depends on that. I'll keep my word if you do your'n."

"I am going to trust you," said the old man, with the pleading intonation of a cowed and frightened child.

After he had got out Pole thrust his head into the opening again. "It'll be like you to come up here an' try to move this rock," he called out, "but you mought as well not try it, fer I'm goin' to add about a dunpload of rocks to it to keep the wolves from diggin' you out."

CHAPTER XXIII

Rayburn Miller and Alan spent that day on the river trying to catch fish, but with no luck at all, returning empty handed to the farmhouse for a late dinner. They passed the afternoon at target shooting on the lawn with rifles and revolvers, ending the day by a reckless ride on their horses across the fields, over fences and ditches, after the manner of fox hunting, a sport not often indulged in in that part of the country.

In the evening, as they sat in the big sitting room smoking after supper, cigars, accompanied by Abner Daniel, with his long, cane stemmed pipe, Mrs. Bishop came into the room in her quiet way, smoothing her apron with her delicate hands.

"Pole Baker's rid up an' hitched at the front gate," she said. "Did you send 'im to town fer anything, Alan?"

"No, mother," replied her son. "I reckon he's come to get more meat. Is father out there?"

"I think he's some'er about the stable," said Mrs. Bishop.

Miller laughed. "I guess Pole isn't the best pay in the world, is he?"

"Father never weighs or keeps ac-count of anything he gets," said Alan.

Alan was profoundly moved. He transferred his gaze from the money to Pole's face and leaned toward him.

"You did it out of friendship for me," he said, his voice shaking.

"That's what I did it fer, Alan, an' I wish I could do it over agin. When I laid hold o' that wad an' knowed it was the thing you wanted more'n any-thing else, I felt like flyin'."

"Tell us all about it, Baker," said Miller, wrapping up the stack of bills.

"All right," said Pole, but Mrs. Bishop interrupted him.

"Wait fer Alfred," she said, her voice rising and cracking in delight. "Wait, I'll run find 'im."

She went out through the dining room, toward the stables, calling her husband at every step. "Alfred! Oh, Alfred!"

"Heer!" she heard him call out from one of the stables.

She leaned over the fence opposite the closed door, behind which she had heard his voice.

"Oh, Alfred!" she called. "Come out, quick! I've got news fer you—big, big news!"

She heard him grumbling as he emptied some ears of corn into the trough of the stall containing Alan's favorite horse, and then with a growl he emerged into the starlight.

"That fool nigger only gived Alan's boss six ears o' corn," he fumed. "I know, bec'ase I counted the cobs. The boss gived my stock right before my eyes."

ment as any man I ever run across. I thought like you do once. I'd 'a' tuck my oath that he had it about two hours by sun this evenin', but I kin swear he hain't a cent of it now."

"Do you mean that, Pole?" Abner stared across the wide hearth at him fixedly.

"He hain't got it, Uncle Ab." Pole was beginning to smile mysteriously.

"He did have it, but he hain't got it now. I got it from 'im, blast his ugly pictur'!"

"You got it?" gasped Daniel. "You?"

"Yes, I made up my mind he had it, an' it deviled me so much that I de-termined to have it by hook or crook ef it killed me or put me in lock the rest o' my life." Pole rose and took a packet wrapped in brown paper from under his rough coat and laid it on the table near Alan. "God bless you, old boy," he said, "that's yore money! It's all thar. I counted it. It's in fifties an' hundreds."

Breathlessly and with expanded eyes Alan broke the string about the packet and opened it.

"Great God!" he muttered.

Miller sprang up and looked at the stack of bills, but said nothing. Abner, leaning forward, uttered a little, low laugh.

"You—you didn't kill 'im, did you, Pole, old boy—you didn't, did you?" he asked.

"Didn't harm a hair of his head," said Pole. "All I wanted was Alan's money, an' thar it is!"

"Well," grunted Daniel. "I'm glad you spared his life. And I thank God you got the money."

Miller was now hurriedly running over the bills.

"You say you counted it, Baker?" he said, pale with pleased excitement.

"Three times—first when it was turned over to me an' twice on the way out heer from town."

Mrs. Bishop had not spoken until now, standing in the shadows of the others, as if bewildered by what seemed a mocking impossibility.

"Is it our money—is it our'n?" she finally found voice to say. "Oh, is it, Pole?"

"Yes'm," replied Pole; "it's yore'n." He produced a crumpled piece of paper and handed it to Miller. "Heer's Craig's order on his wife fer it, an' in it he acknowledges it's the cash depos-ited by Mr. Bishop. He won't give me no trouble. I've got 'im fixed. He'll leave Darley in the mornin'. He's afraid this 'it gits out an' he'll be lynched."

Alan was profoundly moved. He transferred his gaze from the money to Pole's face and leaned toward him.

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"That's what I did it fer, Alan, an' I wish I could do it over agin. When I laid hold o' that wad an' knowed it was the thing you wanted more'n any-thing else, I felt like flyin'."

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY

BALLASTING.

HAWAIIAN - JAPANESE BALLAST-ING CO.—Best black sand from \$2 to \$3 a load according to distance hauled. Coral rocks for stable, roads and sidewalks. Third door below King, Maunakea St.; P. O. box 820. Telephone Main 396.

BROKERS.

E. J. WALKER—Coffee Broker; room 4, Spreckels bldg.

CLEANING AND DYEING.

T. MASUDA—Clothes cleaned, dyed and repaired. 1416 Fort St. near Vineyard.

T. HAYASHI—Clothes cleaned and re-paired. 537 Beretania cor. Punch-bowl.

DENTISTS.

DR. M. J. J. MARLIER DE ROUTON—Rooms 27 and 28 Young Bldg., be-tween Hotel and King Sts.

DRS. A. B. CLARK and P. F. FREAR—McIntyre Bldg, King and Fort Sts.

DR. DERBY—Dentist; Fort and Hotel Sts.; Hours 9 to 4.

MUSIC.

JAMES SHERIDAN — Piano tuning and repairing. A piano for rent or sale. White 1371. 343 King St. Leave orders Hawa. News Co., Young Bldg.

ANNIS MONTAGUE TURNER—Vocal Instructor; "Mignon," 1024 Beretania St.

ERNEST KAAI—Music Teacher. Stu-dio, Room 69 Young Bldg.

MESSENGERS.

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MASSAGE.

S.OCHIAI—Expert massage treatment for sick people. 69 Kukul St.

PHYSICIAN.

DR. GEO. W. BURGESS—1387 Fort St. cor. Vineyard; 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. and 7 p. m. Telephone Main 128. 2443-6m

STRAW HATS.

E. MORIKUCHI—14 Hotel St., nr. Nu-uuanu. Felt, straw, Panama hats.

the package and opened it. He made an effort to count the money, but his fingers seemed to have lost their cunning and he gave it up.

"It's all there," Miller assured him, "and it's your money. You needn't bother about that."

Bishop sat down in his place in the chimney corner, the packet on his knees, while Pole Baker modestly and not without touches of humor recounted his experiences.

"The toughest job I had was manag-ing 'in' the woman," Pole laughed. "You kin always count on a woman to be contrary. I believe ef you was tryin' to git some women out of a burnin' house they'd want to have their way about it. She read the order an' got white about the gills an' screamed, low, so nobody wouldn't heer 'er, an' then wanted to ax questions. That's the female of it. She knowed in reason that Craig was dead fixed an' couldn't git out until she complied with the in-structions, but she wanted to know all about it. Then I told 'er she'd be ar-rested fer holdin' the money, an' that got her in a trot. She fetched it out purty quick, a-cryin' an' abusin' me by turns. As soon as the money left 'er hands, though, she began to bug me to ride fast. I wanted to come heer fast, but I felt sorter sorry fer Craig, an' went an' let 'im out. He was the gladdest man to see me ever looked at. He thought I was goin' to leave 'im thar. He looked like he wanted to hug me. He says Winship wasn't much to blame. They both got in deep water speculatin', an' Craig was tempted to cabbage on the \$25,000."

When Pole had concluded, the group sat in silence for a long time. It looked as if Bishop wanted to openly thank Pole for what he had done, but he had

never done such a thing in the pres-ence of others, and he could not pull himself to it. He sat crouched up in his tilted chair as if burning up with the joy of his release.

The silence was broken by Abner Daniel as he filled his pipe anew and stood over the fireplace.

"They say money's a cuss an' the root of all evil," he said dryly, "but in this case it's gived Pole Baker thar a chance to show what's in 'im. I'd 'a' give the last cent I have to 'a' done what he did today. I grant you he used deception, but it was the fast water sort that that Bible king resorted to when he made out he was goin' to divide that baby by cuttin' it in halves. He fetched out the good an' squeaked the bad." Abner glanced at Pole and gave one of his impulsive in-ward laughs. "My boy, when I reach 'otter shore I expect to see whole strings o' sech lawbreakers as you a-playin' leap-frog on the golden sands. You don't eim an' pray a whole lot, nor keep yore religion in sight, but when thar's work to be done you shuck off yore shirt an' do it like a wildent a-scratchin'."

No one spoke after this outburst for several minutes, though the glances cast in his direction showed the em-barrassed ex-moonshiner that one and all had sanctioned Abner Daniel's opin-ion.

Bishop leaned forward and looked at the clock, and, seeing that it was 9, he put the money in a bureau drawer and turned the key. Then he took down the big family Bible from its shelf and sat down near the lamp. They all knew what the action portended.

(To be Continued.)

Fine Job Printing at the Bulletin office.

NEW SPRING HAT.



This new hat is made of black and white straw braid, sewn in shells, which are sewn over each other. The top is sewn in plaque shape. Black velvet ribbon bows on top of crown and over brim at left back, and under brim.

WHAT PRICE PEACE?



Hibernia: "Arrah, now, Miether Bull; sure they've promised to be good little goosons an' not fight anny more. Won't ye give them a thriffe to put in their money boxes?"—London Punch.

WE WREATH A MAILE LEI.

Composed by Philip Henry Dodge for the G. F. S. of Honolulu.

O where grows the sweet scented leaf that I love?

It breathes a perfume on the air, The plant that we treasure all others above,

A message of peace it will bear, We search in the valleys and find it for you,

All wet with the sparkle of fresh morning dew, Maile, maile, we wreath a maile lei.

The maile is fragrant, the maile is green, It speaks of the good and the true: It calls from our childhood each dear inland scene,

And bids all their pleasures renew, The scent of the maile is precious to me, The emblem of life in these isles of the sea,

Maile, maile, we wreath a maile lei, We garland with maile the friends that are dear,

They bear of its treasure away; To loved ones returning it gives a new cheer, It graces each festival day;

It blends with the flowers that are brightest in here, And blinde with affection our garlands for you.

Maile, maile, we wreath a maile lei.

Let us like the maile in fragrance abound

That life all the sweeter may be, With thoughts that are noble our ac-tions surround

From sorrow and evil to free, Let love of the maile be love of the right,

To show in the world as a joy and delight, Maile, maile, We wreath a maile lei.

Sung September 1st, 1903, to the Ger-man air "Das Schafer-madchen und der Kuckuk."

The BUSINESS MAN'S HANDY IN-DEX, published in the Saturday Bulle-tin and the Weekly Edition, gives a concise and complete resume of all legal notices, calling for tenders, judg-ments, building permits and real estate transactions. Evening Bulletin, 75 cents per month. Weekly Bulletin, \$1 per year.

AGerman mathematician estimates that the average man who lives to be 70 years old consumes \$10,000 worth of food in his life.